

The Blow

Curren\$y

Yeah, yeah
Nigga just, you know what I'm sayin', the king of, you know
King of talkin' shit
Yeah, yeah
(You don't know how far, you don't know how much, you don't go, when you fuckin' with the blow)
Yeah, we goin'
Yeah, yeah yeah

[Freddie Gibbs:]
Choppa style, chop chop, choppa style
Shout to Gazi, Arabic numbers in my Rollie down
My baby said if I be faithful, she gone hold me down (Real shit)
I'm fuckin' these hoes, I want it all like an only child
About to take a trip, I got coke and dope on my grocery list
Oxytocin pack, I be switchin' rackets like Djokovic
Stood up on my deen, the machine ain't never promoted this
Coldest nigga you ever heard on Ellen or Otis shit
(And you know this shit)
Bitch, it's liquid golden when I'm over shit (Yeah)
I fill up the track like a Mr. T starter kit, spit the hardest shit
I should grow a muh fuckin' mohawk and get a black van with a red stripe
Nigga say I got 'em for his weight, I shot him in his face
That pussy boy was dead right (Dead right)
It's just a freestyle, let a nigga breathe
I don't know what's worse
To have the IRS or have your baby mamas in a nigga's cheese
Had to cut a couple bitches off
I guess they used to think that they was out a nigga league
Ghostface, I got ice cream
Russian, Puerto Rican, Black and Blackanese

[Curren\$y:]
You don't know how far
That shit easier than writing
You can go, how much
Federal photographers
You can grow, how far
I don't know why the fuck I wanted to say that, shit
You can go, when you fuckin' with the blow

From a seven hundred square foot apartment
Never claim to be the king of New Orleans
Though my new castle one of the largest
From helicopters, federal photographers takin' pictures
My driveway full of Impalas and I'm not stoppin' for one minute
If they really thought they knew somethin'
They would've been came to come get me
Not sayin' that they would've got me, though
You copy, bro, I'm out of my hobby
Desert dune-buggies and Kawasakis
You gotta know to have fun with your money
Young hustler, watch me
Keep hittas around me
'Cause niggas be clownin', can't trust nobody
It might be your partner that drop your body
That shit not shockin'

I see it all the time, livin' in this wild world of crime
Scribblin' lines on her mirror
Bitches nose dive, who am I

You don't know how far
You can go, how much you can grow, how far
You can go, when you fuckin' with the blow

[Sample:]
You mean to tell me you guys have never snorted coke?
Well, I always wanted to try, you know
But you want to, right? Why not?
It's great stuff, Albi
A friend of mine just brought it over from California